

Halo: The Traitor

by GhostMouthZach

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-01-22 08:31:02

Updated: 2009-06-03 09:26:48

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:09:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,796

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Master Chief has had it being in the war, because the Marines use him for their advantage. So he goes on a rampage to not be master Chief.

1. Default Chapter

Halo: The Traitor

Chapter 1: Chief's gone loco

Written by:
GhostMouthZach

1300 Hours October 27, 2552 Military Calendar

Halcyon Cruiser 86, Orbiting Earth
>

Master Chief finished his lunch and stood up and walked over to the trash and threw is tray in. Chief had been deathly under the weather lately, so this had been a first because he never eats. Last time he'd eaten was when the ring was destroyed. That was 38 days ago.

Remains of the second ring burned and decomposed into ash. What was left of those horrible parasites was only a memory. Master Chief suspected if there were two rings there had to be many more. He was sick... Chief was badly injured in the second war with the Covenant. He was shot about four or five times in the skull. The man was slowly dying inside. Since his childhood he had been told to be strong never give up and stay in shape. General Jones of the UNSC sat before him in the cafeteria. The whole place was empty.

"Sir, sorry to inform you, but we have found another ring, and the Covenant wish to seize it. We need you to infiltrate it and drive out the covenant forces in the area"

"No! I can't. Not again." Chief yelled his voice echoes the area. The word again, bellowing over and over.

"You must. I command you. You're our only hope." Jones directed his finger towards earth. Master Chief pulled out a Magnum and put it to his head.

"I said no, General!" Chief pointed the gun to the General's cranium.

"Put that gun down or I'll have you executed!" Jones yelled. He looked nervous.

"I'll fucking kill you! Don't make me. I'm on edge!" Chief yelled. Jones talked in his communicator.

"James, we need a fleet of soldiers in here. Chief's gone loco."

"10-4. Jones, We'll have some men in there in a sec."

"That's the last time!" Chief screamed and blasted four rounds into Jones head. Jones slumped out of the chair into a puddle of crimson. A halo of blood formed above his head.

Suddenly, swarm of marines busted through the double doors. Chief reloaded the magnum, and jumped onto the table, and shot at the four Marines. Golden shells rained below onto the table.

Four dead corpses lay at the opening of the doors. One door swung shut.

"My name is not Master Chief. It's John." John ripped off his helmet which he had left on since the destruction of the second ring, and threw it at the wall at the corner of the cafeteria.

To hide and get off the cruiser, he needed a disguise. And, a marine uniform was what it was. John walked over to one of the dead corpses, lifted it and took off its clothes. Everything he removed, from the helmet to the boots.

After he clothed into the marine's uniform, John stuffed every last body into the freezer. He subsequently wiped up all the mess walked out of the cafeteria to the ship deployment facility. When John got there weren't many ships left. There were though three Longsword bombers and six Pelican transports. He chose the Longsword.

John entered the ship and entered the cockpit, he heard sirens faintly. John's face was dark and he a blank expression and his face was flushed. He heard a marine.

"Hey! Get the fuck out of there. You have no right to be boarding a ship. I'll shoot you." The Marine entered through the Gravity-Lift. John, found a fully loaded BR55 Rifle. Without warning the Marine was shot six times in the head and chest. The shots sent him back four feet. John closed the Gravity-Lift and ran back to the cockpit while

throwing the gun down.

When he entered the cockpit he flicked on the engines and he grasped the joystick and the ship hovered and slowly took off, but not without saying hello to the marines that entered the SDF by bombing the fuck out of the place.

Out of the huge explosion were the Longsword and the hellish warrior formerly known as Master Chief. What was to become of him was only the beginning.

"Chief! What're you doing?!?" Cortana screamed over one of the speakers behind John.

"My name isn't Chief, Cortana. It's John and I've officially declared war on the human race for what they've done to me. I've have been deprived of being a regular person since my upbringing. And, finally I need to be liberated. This is John-117 signing off for good." John ripped the transmitter out and slammed it on the ground breaking it into diverse pieces. Then, he sat back into the chair relaxing while the ship flew in autopilot. He closed his eyes. It was a dreamless sleep.

2. Chapter 2: Finding help

**Halo: The Traitor
> Chapter 2: Finding help
 Written by: GhostMouthZach
>

**0700 Hours November 8, 2552 Military Calendar/
> Longsword bomber 6, Orbiting Mars

The bomber had been flying on autopilot for days. John had drifted from Earth to Mars in a matter of twelve days. There in the cockpit lay John-117.

He was dead asleep from some pills he had taken. Drool dripped from his mouth. His head drooped, John was strapped in the cockpit and ahead through the glass was the red planet. It's polar ice caps could be seen from far away.

Mars slowly grabbed the bomber with its gravity field. A light blue light flickered on the dash. It made a beeping noise that awoke John. He whipped out his Magnum at the windshield and gasped. John breathed heavily and unbuckled himself. He stood and stretched then walked to his bolted down computer chair. He got online and used his mouse to point to AIM. John clicked it and signed on. On his buddy list his friend Fhajad was on. The conversation went as followed:

John117: hey

FhJAd: hello, I haven't seen you in awhile

John117: yes, and I need one last favor old friend

FhJAd: what is that

John117: I need to hide at your place for awhile to get back on my feet. Because I had some trouble back at UNSC, killed some people, im probably a wanted man know

FhJAd: I can help you. Come to my ranch on mars

John117: okay bye

John signed off with Fhajad whom was in a wheel chair after is Spartan operation went hideously wrong. Fhajad was fifty-six now, and he wasn't in real good shape, he had olive skin with a horseshoe haircut with grey hair. He wore thick black glasses, a thick Indian accent, and drove around a motorized wheelchair.

John got back into the cockpit strapped in flipped a switch above him and soared into Mars. The coordinates of Fhajad's ranch were programmed into the cockpit computer. He lived just outside Alienoptyis: Mars' largest city.

Most of Mars is a barren desert wasteland. But in 2198 scientists broke new grounds by inventing an artificial environment similar to Halo, but can be put anywhere. But it needs years to setup.

The population of Mars is 45 white, 5 black, 30 sangheili (which is the species that make up the Elites in the Covenant), 15 jiralhanae (which is the species that make up the Brutes in the Covenant), 5 asian.

Crime rates are fairly high, but, underground alien gangs called the Jiralheili (which are made up of Brutes and Elites) consume downtown Alienoptyis, and they usually prey on human gangs such as the Mob, or the fairly small Yazuka.

John flew over Alienoptyis and could see cars, and people. Finally he got to the outskirts of the city and landed at Fhajad's ranch, unbuckled his seat, flicked off the engine switch, lowered the Gravity Lift and closed it, and waited for Fhajad.

Suddenly he heard a crash and could hear Fhajad screaming. John pulled out his Magnum and pointed it firmly with to hands at the ranch house beside the red barn. The wind made the sand fly in his face and covered his face with one hand and pointed the gun with another.

Mars was a dark and scary place. The guy was a dark grey; the ground had breaks in it. John tripped and fell on his stomach; his gun flew ten feet from him.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦

3. Chapter 3: Help Lost, New Start

**Halo: The Traitor

>Chapter 3: Help Lost, New Start
Written by: GhostMouthZach

>-----

**0758 Hours November 8, 2552 Military Calendar/
>Outskirts of Alienoptis, Mars

Fhajad's body flew out of the overhead window of his ranch. When he hit the ground he sounded as if he broke his back. John ran over to help his fallen comrade. Fhajad was all blooded and had a crack in his forehead, but was somehow still alive. John held Fhajad in his arms while he whimpered.

"Help me, John. I don't want to die." Fhajad said as some blood spewed out of his mouth.

"Who did this to you?" John demanded.

"They did: The humans. You have no where to run now. Oh, no! Here they come"-- A bullet struck Fhajad straight in the head. A loud echo of a sniper rifle rained out from the barn a few yards away, and a puddle of blood leaked out of his head like a busted faucet. John jumped back and threw Fhajad's lifeless body to the floor, then rolled back behind his ship. He could hear chatter behind the vile wind blowing the dust around. From what he could gather was that it was three men.

John peeked out from the side of the ship to see if he could make out on who this was. As he guessed it was three men dressed in black army fatigues. They were standing at the top of the barn window huddled together one with a mounted sniper rifle. Another shot. John jumped back to his position behind the ship. John needed a way to kill the men and get into Alienoptis before more Marines, or any opposition show up.

Five minutes passed, and no there was sound from either party. Fhajad's body still lay mangled, and blooded. John's anger raised and started to boil. He rolled out from his hiding place behind the ship into a crouched position and fired at the three gentlemen and luckily hit all three targets. One who was nicked in the shoulder fell out of the window shooting his machine gun, onto his head which smashed like a cantaloupe hitting concrete.

Wasting no time he carried Fhajad's body onto the ship with him and made way to the huge metropolis.

End
file.